

THE FAIR PLAY
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Selected Miscellany.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

They call me a mass of iron and brass;
They call me a spirit black;

That my red soul is the erring man;

That I am an iron pen on my books;

That the flame I devour and the steams I may

my veins.

Are the structures of man alone,

And I have no mind but the mind of men,

These are the words of steel and bone.

Let them say if they will, and whatever they will,
Though had they but noted me when

I was carrying such a load,

The iron and pride of man,

But they scolded as they might, they had seen a

child.

As I sped on my path,

And I purposed to go when none lawke,

As I passed a terrible word.

There came their voice in a patient way—
For I am a weary heart—

The only that filled my massive bread

For I am used my power,

But I am not a creature of meekness,

Not I am not with you I come,

As I trundle and clatter and roar along,

With my motors breathing steam.

For when they are speeded to think wherein

They call me a mass of iron and brass,

With their eyes open wide,

Look from the cutting cars

Over the lofty embankment side,

And plunge to the depths below,

While the earless laugh of the people I draw

Is changed to shrieks of woe;

And so I go in the midnight deep,

With my glaring eye I peer,

Through the darkness, where never the path before,

And still the engine goes,

For I start from side to side,

And I pant and struggle and scream with de-

light,

Revers'd broadsides there's a roar on the track,

And Death rides abroad to night!

Some are asleep in their seats and dream;

And others, in accents gay,

Are telling light stories of what they have seen,

Or discussing the news of the day;

And some are there in dreams long past;

And others again there be.

Whoes bring me to my children and wives

In the homes they never may see.

And a crash! I scream as I leap,

And feel my stout ribs bend,

While the car, the crash like houses of sand,

And the iron and the stone and rust,

And the smoke, when the lights are brought,

The quivering flesh that once was a snow,

And walk and talk and thought!

FIVE-TEN.

One day, a short time after Miss Flora Hollister had put her modest name into the newspapers in the hope that it would attract the world's attention to the fine goods in which she proposed to deal, she arrived at the depot from which the cars started, just as the train was about to move, and stepped on board, thankful that this movement at least did not involve a question. She could sit herself where she was going.

But when the conductor came around uttering the magic word which exacted attention of full-fares and commuters alike, he looked at her ticket and herself with a glance as near surprise as it was easy for his official free to exhibit. What Miss Flora perceived in his countenance was something so like commiseration that struck by the dart of fear in the midst of her self-congratulation, she exclaimed:

"What is the matter?"

"Were you expecting to go to Orleans?" the conductor asked.

"I am," said she, with grammatical satisfaction and emphasis.

"But we go to Bushfield."

"Very well."

"Due west, madame. You want to go on the southern road."

Miss Flora looked at him as though he had spoken in a foreign tongue.

"You have made a mistake," he added.

"This is the 5:10 train. The 5:5 train left on time."

"I am going to Bushfield, then, whether or not, do you mean?"

The young lady looked at the car-window, and, as she did so, caught a glimpse of the apparently not uninterested lady who sat by her side.

"I am afraid there is no help for it," said the conductor, soothingly, at the same time laying his hand on Flora's shoulder as if to prevent her dashing through the window, or possibly the ventilator. Then he grasped the ticket she was extending toward him, and walked on.

Miss Flora sat back in her seat and gave herself up to reflections; and perhaps tears stole into her eyes, business-woman though she aspired and assumed to be, as she thought of poor Phil sitting in the green wagon and watching till the last passenger had left the train and the station, and then disconsolately taking his way home without a passenger. To think of the speculations and the fears that would torment the household that night! O Watt! O Fulton! O Stevenson! How feeble all you proved in her emergency! And O Darius Green! How would she have composed an epic in your honor, for Flora had written verses, and had been deemed a poet at No. 17, had but you succeeded in making your dying machine.

The lady who sat next Miss Flora held a book in her hand, which she was reading. Interferring the despondent mood of her companion from the motionless silence into which she had retired as soon as the conductor moved on, she half closed the volume and asked:

"Have you never been to Bushfield?"

"Never," sighed Miss Flora.

"And you have no friends there? Too bad."

"I never heard of the place before."

"That is not so strange; it is quite out of the world. So we, who know all about it, are in the habit of boasting."

The voice of the stranger had sympathy in it, and Miss Flora now remembered that who would have friends must show himself friendly.

"Can I telegraph from the place?" she asked.

"To New York you can."

"Not to Orleans?"

"Yes, by the way of New York, prob-

ably."

She wanted just then to ask a question or two; but, as though personified, I that she must hear a good many new and strange things before she went away, she left the questions unasked, and so, but before the evening was far spent found herself enlarging eloquently on the difficulties of the work she had in her hands, and looking to her friend for counsel in a way that seemed to jump that she had gone to Bushfield for a very purpose. It is worth while, we're told, to look under the very stones in our path, for there may be waiting us the helper we need. Certain it is that now and no point of the compass could Miss Flora have turned her steps that night to such a westward purpose as toward the west, where Miss Harlan and cousin awaited her.

The next morning before she left the sun-chamber, which had been the family room of three generations, as Flora well told and could well believe, she heard her hostess moving about. It was near sun-

rise, and she was evidently up for all day, and Flora saw her no time to lose.

She found Miss Harlan in her library, with the doors of the bookcases open, evidently inspecting her treasures. It was good to look at her by daylight, to see a woman so active and strong and seemingly happy in her activity.

She seemed pleased to see Flora, so early.

"But that wouldn't do; when can I go back to town?"

"Not before to-morrow afternoon—a milk-train leaves Bushfield at three."

Then said Miss Flora, feeling an urgent necessity of accounting for herself to somebody: "I was detained in spite of myself; and, when I got on this train, I was thankful enough for it to have been the right one."

She laughed her companion, "I understand you."

"With that she returned to her book, and if Flora had, and could do it, she might sit and admire her. Whether she did this or not, she could not well help receiving an impression.

"It ever there was an emancipated woman," she thought, "there is such a one before me."

And, in fact, the woman did look as if she had not care or vanity in this wicked world to trouble her. Her mind was made up, evidently, as to most things that concerned her. She was neither old nor young, nor hunched nor worried, nor lazy, nor capable of complaint. She sat smiling in her corner of the brightened parlor as if she had passed her youth there, and might stay there through her declining years. But, about ten minutes before the train was due at Bushfield, she shut her book, and put it into her basket, began to collect her bundles, and at length looked across a great hall which she held in her hand, said to Flora:

"And you will be with your friends by sunset."

"But I shall have left my friend behind me," said Flora, with a good deal of genuine emotion.

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